*backward when thou commeſt to age, wilt thou not* Iule? *It ſtinted and ſaid I.*

*Juli.* And ſtint thou too, I pray thee Nurſe, ſay I.

Nurſe. *Peace, I have done: God marke thee to his grace thou waſt the prettieſt babe that ere I nurſt, and I might live to ſee thee married once, I have my wiſh.*

*Old La.* Mary that marry is the very Theame
I came to talke of: tell me daughter *Juliet*,
How ſtands your diſpoſitions to be married?

*Juli.* It is an houre that I dreame not of.

Nurſe. *An houre! were not I onely Nurſe, I would ſay thou hadſt ſuckt thy wiſdome from thy teat.*

*Old La.* Well, thinke of Marriage now, younger than you
Here in *Verona*, Ladies of eſteeme,
Are made already mothers by my count:
I was your mother much upon theſe yeares
That you are now a maide: thus then in briefe,
The valiant *Paris* ſeekes you for his love.

Nurſe. *A man young Lady, Lady, ſuch a man as all the world, Why hee's a man of waxe.*

*Old La. Verona's* Summer hath not ſuch a flower.

Nurſe. *Nay hee's a flower, in faith a very flower.*

*Old La.* What ſay you? can you love the Gentleman?
This night you ſhall behold him at our Feaſt,
Read o're the volume of young *Paris* face,
And finde delight writ there with beauties pen,
Examine every ſeverall lineament,
And ſee how one another lends content:
And what obſcur'd in this faire Volume lyes,
Finde written in the margent of his eyes.
This precious booke of love, this unbound lover,
To beautifie him onely lackes a Cover.
The fiſh lives in the ſea, and 'tis much pride,
For faire without the faire within to hide:
That booke in many eyes doth ſhare the glory,
That in gold claſpes lockes in the golden ſtory:
So ſhall you ſhare all that he doth poſſeſſe,

By



By having him, making your ſelfe no le
*Nurſe.* No leſſe, nay bigger women
*Old La.* Speake briefly, can you lik
*Juli.* I'le looke to like, if looking lik
But no more deepe will I endart mine
Than your conſent gives ſtrength to ma
*Serving.* Madam, the gueſts are co
calld, my young Lady askt for, the
and every thing in extremity: I muſt
you follow ſtrait.
*Mo.* We follow thee: *Juliet* the C
*Nurſe.* Goe girle, ſeeke happy nigh

*Enter* Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio,
*Maskers, Torch-b*
*Rom.* What? ſhall this ſpeech be ſp
Or ſhall we on without Apology?
*Ben.* The date is out of ſuch prolixit
Wee'll have no *Cupid* hood-winkt wit
Bearing a Tartars painted bow of Lath,
Skaring the Ladies like a Crow-keepe
But let them meaſure us by what they
Wee'll meaſure them a meaſure and b
*Rom.* Give me a Torch, I am not fo
Being but heavie I will beare the light
*Mer.* Nay gentle *Romeo*, we muſt h
*Rom.* Not I believe me, you have da
With nimble ſoles; I have a ſoule of le
So ſtakes me to the ground I cannot m
*Mer.* You are a Lover, borrow *Cup*
And ſore with them above a common b
*Rom.* I am too ſore enpearced with
To ſoare with his light feathers; and ſo
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe
Under loves heavie burthen doe I ſinke
*Mer.* And to ſinke in it ſhould you
Too great oppreſſion for a tender thing